

# HANDSOME HARRY

## STORIES OF LAND AND SEA.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by Frank Tousey

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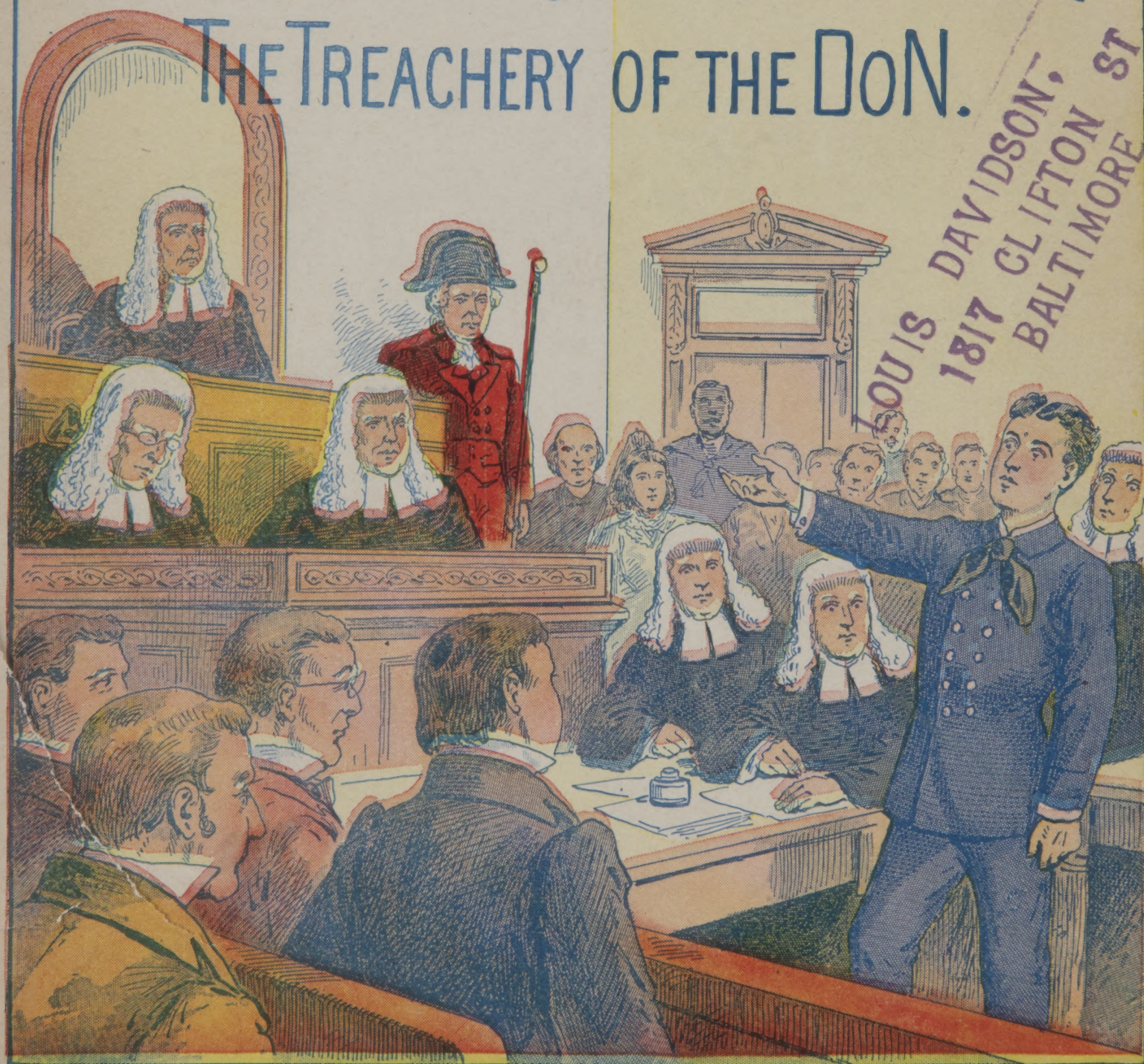
NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

# HANDSOME HARRY'S TRIAL;

OR

## THE TREACHERY OF THE DON.



"Gentlemen," said Handsome Harry, "I leave the case in your hands, humbly trusting that the God who made and created us all will guide you to a right verdict."

He turned away, overcome with emotion, and buried his face in his hands.



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## Handsome Harry's Trial

OR,

### THE TREACHERY OF THE DON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDSOME HARRY."

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIAL.

"The Great Trial"—"Life and Hantecedents of the Prisoner"—"Trial for Piracy Coming On To-day"—"Now Ready, Gentlemen, the Life and Hantecedents of the Prisoner!"

Thus yelled the boys in the streets, and they hawked the daily papers, already teeming with anticipatory notes of the coming trial. It was a rare time for special gushers, a perfect feast for the hungry penny-a-liners, and the court in and out was swarming with these gentry, prepared to make a note of everything, from the sneeze of the policeman standing at the door, to the despairing cry of the prisoner when the judge gave out his sentence of death, for that such a sentence would be given every gusher had fully decided upon.

"No room; crowded to the ceiling." Thus said the policeman in charge of the door to a mob of clamorous people without.

"But I've got a ticket," whispered one, displaying a crown piece.

"Not good enough," replied the policeman, shaking his head. "The judge has already complained about the court being too full."

"But somebody may come out."

"Then I'll see, sir; and if you like, I'll take it at once, thank you."

"What's going on now?"

"The prisoner's just stepped into the dock. Silence there!"

Yes, Harry was in the dock, with the eyes of a crowded court upon him. The judge—a man renowned for his severity—peered at him through his gold spectacles; the numberless counsel, with and without briefs, stared at him; the jury gazed mournfully at him, as if they, one and all, felt it would be their painful duty to convict him presently, and the general public struggled for glimpses of him.

Undismayed, Harry calmly took a view of the court. In front of him was the judge, behind him the public, to the left the jury, and to the right and at his feet sat counsel, lawyers, and witnesses. Immediately below him were his own particular friends—Tom True, Sir Darnley Darnley, Ira Staines, Ching-Ching, Samson, Eddard, and Bill Grunt.

A little to the right sat a counsel with a large brief before him, which he scanned carefully, looking up now and then at the prisoner. He had a heavy, massive face, with two eyes that seemed as if they could look through a man, and those upon his right and left showed him marked deference. This was Sergeant Slaughter, one of the most renowned men of the bar, and the prosecuting counsel for the crown.

The usher called for silence. The indictment was read, and Harry was called upon to

LOUIS DAVIDSON, 1817 CLIFTON ST. BALTIMORE, MD.



plead guilty or not guilty to a charge of piracy upon the high seas.

Firmly and quietly he said:

"Not guilty."

Thereupon the trial began in earnest, and Sergeant Slaughter proceeded to open his case.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "it is with pain that I appear before you this day to prefer a charge of the most diabolical crimes against the young man you see in the dock before you. Manhood, as you may behold, has barely dawned upon him, and yet, at a time of life when most men have hardly begun life, he has ended his in shame and infamy."

"Not yet, ole man," said a voice near the dock.

"Silence there," cried an usher.

"I will commit any person who interrupts the business of the court," said the judge. "Who was it?"

It was Ching-Ching; but as those who could have pointed him out would not, and those who would gladly have done so could not, he escaped for the present, and the learned counsel resumed:

"In dealing with this case," he said, "you, gentlemen of the jury, must put aside all sentiment, as I have done. Had I been guided by my feelings—feelings of pity for a wasted life—a life so promising, if we may judge by appearances—gentleman, I should not have come here this day, but I put all sentiment aside, as you must do, and act as a matter of duty, as I hope and believe, nay, I know you will."

The jury shifted about a little, as if in assent to this, and Sergeant Slaughter smiled. He had secured their attention thus early, and success was almost sure.

"The prisoner at the bar," he continued, "is an unknown—nameless man. He is indicted, as you know, as Captain Harry—but Harry what? Is he Harry Brown, Jones, Robinson, or Smith? He does not tell us, and that, in itself, is suspicious, and points to a desire for concealment. Captain Harry! Who made him captain? What nation or principality dubbed him so? Who gave him authority, and what did he command? Gentlemen, I will tell you: he commanded a craft fitted out by a rascally Spaniard, living

in lawless South America, and he was made captain by a crew of deserters from our own navy—men who preferred a life of piracy and murder to honestly fighting for their country. Men who chose to plunder our mercantile marine, instead of protecting it."

"De lying ole willain," said Ching-Ching.

"Who is that?" asked the judge, angrily.

"I will commit him."

The ushers looked busily about, but as they had not spotted the offender in the first instance, they, of course, failed to find him. Sergeant Slaughter thanked the court for protecting him, and proceeded with his address.

He laid down the law of piracy—quoting numberless cases which had gone before—and pointing out that, although bare suspicion would not convict a man on land, it would on the sea, as any man found there without the proper papers from home authorities was, in the eyes of the law, a rover and a pirate.

Then he gave a sketch of life in South America, its license and lawlessness, and drew a skilful etching of such men as Don Salvo, who neither trade nor cultivate, and yet grow rich in a mysterious way, "by the agency of such men as that man there," said the sergeant, pointing to Harry—and a murmur of horror and execration went round the court. The address of the learned sergeant was beginning to tell.

Harry heard it unmoved, but Ching-Ching, taking unto himself the duty of usher, called out, "Silence dere, some ob you!"

"That is the same person who interrupted before," said the judge; "where is he? Will the ushers be good enough to find him?"

Ching-Ching, fenced round and about by friends, again escaped, but Tom whispered to him to keep quiet.

"Or you will get into trouble," he said.

"Dat so, Missa Tom," replied Ching-Ching; "in trouble and out ob trouble, dat de life ob Ching-Ching—eh, Sammy?"

Samson gave such a loud chuckle in response that the judge fairly started up from his seat, and his angry eyes roamed about the court in search of the culprit. Happily, he did not find him.

"I will commit that person, if he is pointed out to me," said the judge.



Ching-Ching had an idea of pointing out the clerk of the court, a very old man, who had fallen asleep, but, luckily, he abandoned it, and Sergeant Slaughter again resumed his address.

It was a powerful one—a bold outline fancifully and cleverly filled in. He gave a description of the Belvedere, where she was built, and for whom she was built (all of which will appear in evidence), described the usual doings of pirates, their ferocity at sea, and their debauchery on land, and concluded thus:

"I may not, gentlemen," he said, "be able to prove from eye-witnesses actual murder or rapine against the prisoner, for that can never be done until the sea gives up its dead. Under the bosom of the blue ocean is many a gallant bark, the coffins of their passengers and crews, murdered by the men-sharks of the deep. The work has been done well—if aught so bad can be called well—and until the dead shall rise, witnesses will not be forthcoming. I cannot call up the dead—I cannot summon the murdered and outraged from their watery graves. But there they lie with their pallid faces and fixed gaze, bearing testimony to the wrongs they have suffered, and one day—on that day which all dread, as we know not the day nor the hour it may come—life again shall raise those ghastly forms, and quickened anew, they will cry out against their murderer. Be not led away by the appearance of the prisoner—the vilest natures are oft concealed beneath the fairest forms—noble, handsome women have been notorious poisoners—men apparently frank and generous have lived by midnight murder and plunder. You need not go far to prove this; the daily annals of our courts will show you a dozen such cases, and I need not, I think, urge upon you to take the prisoner for what we will prove he is, and not what he appears to be."

Sergeant Slaughter sat down, and a buzz of admiration went round the court. The jury were much impressed, and looked at Harry with mingled pity and horror. In their eyes he was a demon in an angel's form.

"Call John Mead," cried Sergeant Slaughter, rising again.

Mr. Mead was called, and presently appeared—a gray-headed, thoughtful-looking

man, just the sort of fellow who, everybody can see, is always inventing something or making mighty calculations.

The learned counsel proceeded to examine him.

"You are a member of the firm of Mead, Lyall & Co., I believe?"

"I am the head-partner—I founded the firm."

"You are ship-builders, I believe?"

"Yes."

"About three years ago you completed a vessel for a South American republic, I believe?"

"Yes."

"What was its name?"

"The Swallow."

"The money for that ship was not forthcoming?"

"No."

"What did you do then, Mr. Mead?"

"We put it into the market for sale."

"And you obtained a customer?"

"Yes."

"What was his name?"

"Don Salvo."

"Of Fortalega?"

"Yes."

"He bought the vessel and paid for it, I believe?"

"He did."

"And afterward changed its name?"

"Yes; it was called the Belvedere."

"She was a fast ship, I believe?"

"Yes; one of the fastest in the world, I should say, being built on an entirely new principle."

"Was she armed?"

"She carried ten guns."

"Made by you?"

"No; by Leghorn, of Cardiff."

"That will do, Mr. Mead; thank you—you may go, unless the prisoner likes to ask you a question."

"He has spoken the truth," said Harry, "and I could have spared him the trouble of coming by admitting it."

"I wish you had," said the ship-builder, "for my time is valuable."

"I like to ax dat genlyman one lilly question," said Ching-Ching, rising.

"Sit down, you fool!" muttered Ira, jerking him into his seat again.



"Who is that speaking and interrupting the business of the court?" demanded the judge, looking about over his gold spectacles; "if anybody will be kind enough to point him out, I will commit him."

The officials of the court did not see our friend rise, and as nobody else cared to betray him, he once more escaped, and Mr. Mead left the box.

"Call Adam Leghorn."

## CHAPTER II. 167

### THE TRIAL CONTINUED.

Adam Leghorn, not a bit like John Mead in form and feature, but somehow bearing a strong resemblance to him, entered the box, and proved that at a certain time he had cast ten guns for the Swallow, afterward called the Belvedere. Harry had no questions to ask him, as he admitted the guns, and he retired.

"Who de debil care 'bout who made 'em," said Ching-Ching, "now dat dey are at de bottom ob de sea? Dat just like de remperor—"

"If you don't keep quiet," whispered Ira, "you will get into trouble, and if you get into a prison here they will cut that pigtail off. Can't you keep quiet for half an hour?"

"I hab a try," said Ching-Ching.

"There is more talking going on somewhere," said the judge, angrily. "Ushers, why don't you keep the court quiet?"

"Silence, silence!" blared the ushers, and silence was obtained.

"These interruptions come from friends of the prisoner, I believe, my lud," said Sergeant Slaughter; "but they can scarcely hope to foil justice in that way."

"The prisoner would have been wiser if he had left his friends at home," said the judge, and all in the court knew that the judge was dead against the prisoner.

"He's as good as hanged," said the policeman who kept the door; and in five minutes it was talked abroad that the case was going against the prisoner.

"Call Tom Tugwell."

Enter Tom Tugwell, a boatswain of the navy all over, and full half-way on the road

to be roaring drunk already. He entered the box, pulled his forelock, turned his quid, and in a loud tone declared himself ready to be sworn.

They gave him the book, which he kissed inside and out, turned his quid again, and looked full at the judge.

"Now, cap'en," he said, "fire away."

The judge flushed up, and was going to say something very severe, but Sergeant Slaughter hastened on to the examination.

"You are a boatswain, Mr. Tugwell, I believe?"

"I ain't nothing else," replied Mr. Tugwell, whose morning potation had made him somewhat defiant.

"You must say distinctly whether you are a boatswain or not," said the judge, halting half-way with his note.

"All right, cap'en," said Mr. Tugwell; "but one at a time, unless you want to put me on my beam-ends. When this chap has done with me you can cut in."

"Dat bery good," said Ching-Ching.

"Again that interruption," said the judge; "whoever it is shall suffer, if anybody will be kind enough to point him out to me. And as for you, Mr. Tugwell; I will thank you to answer all questions in a straightforward manner."

"All right, cap'en."

"Don't call me captain. I am a judge."

"All right, judge, then. I'll go ahead if you'll only steer me straight. Now, governor, up with your anchors again, and see if you can make any way."

Some of the people in the body of the court tittered, and Sergeant Slaughter looked slightly discomposed; but he was an old hand, and knew how to humor a witness on his own side as well as to bully the witnesses of his opponents.

"A little seafaring language, my lord," he said. "Our friend is rough and plain, but honest."

"Thankee for nothing," interposed Mr. Tugwell, "and if you ain't got no more to say, I think I will go and have another drain."

He turned round, but the voice of Sergeant Slaughter called him back.

"You were mate of the Hercules?"

"Rather."



"You must say yes or no."

"Wot for?" demanded Mr. Tugwell; "you ain't trying me."

"You are a very trying witness," said the judge.

This feeble joke brought forth roars of laughter from the members of the bar and the officers of the court.

Ching-Ching took advantage of the noise to make a personal attack on the judge.

"You are a very handsome ole genlyman," he said, "and you look very much like de wack work at Madam Tosser's, but if you was a native ob Pekin de country would allow you de fool's pension ob nuffin' a week, paid on de fust ob ebery munf. Oh, you——"

What he would have said he never uttered, for the laughter ceased, and prudence advised him to shut up. The judge smiled good-humoredly, and bade the sergeant proceed.

"You were boatswain of the Hercules?"

"I was, and ham," replied Mr. Tugwell, emphatically.

"Do you remember a number of men deserting?"

"As if I should ever forget that," said Mr. Tugwell, addressing the jury, "when I was out two days and nights looking arter 'em. Why, of all the busted jobs——"

"Mr. Tugwell," said the sergeant, softly.

"What cheer, mate?" cried Mr. Tugwell, wheeling round.

The audience laughed, and the sergeant coughed and proceeded.

"Mr. Tugwell," he said, "I am only asking you questions for the information of others. Of course, I know all about it——"

"Then why by all that's blarmed did you send for me?" said Mr. Tugwell; "calling a man off duty with the captain away on furlough, and the first lieutenant—— Mops and brooms, a pretty state them decks will be in when I get back!"

"Still, I must have you answer them," said the sergeant, "as the law requires it."

"Heave ahead," said Mr. Tugwell.

"How many men deserted from the Hercules?"

"Forty-three went off in a lump one night."

"Why?"

"Well, you see," said Mr. Tugwell, "at that time we had Cap'en Sticker aboard, and

he used to lay it on so thick that the place was a floating oven; everybody said so——"

"Ahem! I did not mean that—I ought to have put it plainer. Did they desert with any particular object? Did they join any other vessel?"

"They went in a lump to the Belvedere."

"Thank you," said the learned sergeant; "you saw them on board, I believe?"

"No, I didn't. You said just now that you knowed all about it, and now——"

"One moment," said the sergeant, referring to his brief. "Ah! I see. It was not you who saw them on board the Belvedere."

"I should think it wasn't."

"But you knew they were there?"

"I'll tell, governor, how it was," said Mr. Tugwell; "I'd been out with a dozen men, looking after 'em, when we met the whole bilin' on 'em coming down the street."

"Where was this?"

"At Fortalega."

"Thank you—go on. You met the whole of them?"

"The lot, with a young fellow at their head, as good a looking chap as ever you seed. So I goes up and claims the men. The young fellow larfs, and says to the men, 'Will you go?' Then all on 'em puts a thumb to their noses like this——"

"You need not illustrate coarse and vulgar actions," said the judge, when a roar of laughter following Mr. Tugwell's action had subsided.

"All right, cap'en," replied Mr. Tugwell; "they makes the sign as I showed you (another roar), "that common, wulgar sign" (a third roar).

"Leave the sign alone, and get on," said the sergeant.

"And arter that thing as I ain't to mention," said Mr. Tugwell, "I knowed it was all up with us, for we was only twelve to forty, and I says to 'em, 'My lads,' I ses—'remember as this is desartion, and the punishment's heavy;' but they only larfed, and did that as you've told me not to mention again" (shrieks of laughter), "and off they goes, and wot's more, blow me if the twelve men I had didn't foller 'em."

"So you lost fifty-two men in one day?"

"We did, governor."

"And none of them came back?"



"They warn't likely to."

"But did they come back?"

"Not one on 'em. You're mighty pertikler with your questions for a chap as knows all about it. But I've got an hidea that you don't know nothink."

Exuberant acclamations of mirth and joy hailed this declaration, and Mr. Tugwell looked proudly round the court. He felt that he was distinguishing himself rather.

When silence was once more obtained, the learned counsel again tapped his highly intelligent and important witness.

"You saw the Belvedere?" he said.

"In course I did; she was in the harbor with us."

"Then I presume some effort was made to stop her?"

"There was," said Mr. Tugwell, "but she warn't a ship—she was a eel."

"You say the party of deserters was headed by a young man?"

"I say so, and I swears to it."

"Would you know that young man again?"

"I should rather think I should."

"Is that the man?" cried Sergeant Slaughter, pointing at Handsome Harry.

"No, it ain't," replied Mr. Tugwell, and the learned counsel stared at him in surprise.

"Are you sure?" he said.

"Sartain," replied Mr. Tugwell—"not a bit like him. The man that I saw was a handsome chap, but this one is more handsomer."

"You may go."

"Stay a moment," said Harry to the witness; "did you ever see me before?"

"No, I ain't, but I don't mind how often I sees you again outside, for I knows that you are the party to treat a man hearty, and stand some drink."

"This levity does not become you," said the judge, sternly.

"Axing your pardon, cap'en," said Mr. Tugwell, "but no ill was meant, me being a poor chap, that stuck in the mud a'most as soon as I got to school, and your nob looks fit to bust with hinformation."

"Prisoner, have you any more questions to ask this witness?"

"None, my lord."

"Then you may leave the box," said the judge to Mr. Tugwell; "and I would advise you to go home and sleep off the effects of

your abominable potations. You are drunk, sir."

"Don't be 'ard on a man, cap'en, who gets a drop ashore," pleaded Mr. Tugwell. "If you was cooped up by the month together, you would be glad to go on the bust, and——"

"Remove that witness."

The judge's command was promptly obeyed, and Mr. Tugwell was hustled out of the court. As soon as he got outside he went straight to the public-house, bent upon drinking "confusion to the cap'en and governor, who, having their own big nobbs chock-full of larning, was downright 'ard on them as was—as we may say—hempty;" and if drinking confusion to a man had any potency in it, surely those two learned men would have been utterly confounded.

The next witness was a man in a tattered and soiled sailor's dress, who stepped into the box and swore that he saw the fifty-two men on board the Belvedere.

"Are you sure you saw fifty-two, or fifty-one?" asked Harry, in his cross-examination.

The man's face flushed, and he looked down.

"Fifty-two or fifty-one?" asked Harry.

"Fifty-one," replied the man, in a low voice.

"You were the fifty-second?"

No answer.

"I ask you," said Harry, "if you were not the fifty-second?"

"I was," said the man.

"How long were you on board the Belvedere?"

"Two days."

"One day, you mean."

"Something like that," replied the man, sullenly.

"And why did you leave it?"

No answer.

"I will tell you," said Harry; "you were discharged for lying. You helped yourself to the grog of the mess, and swore that you hadn't been near it. It was no joke, for you took a solemn oath before heaven."

"I hadn't touched it."

"A dozen saw you, and you were convicted. I see that you wear a sailor's dress. What vessel do you serve in?"

"None now."

"Have you been pensioned off?"



No answer.

"Were you not flogged and dismissed the service for drunkenness, theft, and false swearing?"

"I was turned out," said the man, "because my enemies swore ag'in me."

"I have nothing more to ask you," said Harry, contemptuously. "Your evidence would never hang a man."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE END OF THE FIRST DAY.

Thus far the evidence had not been very damaging to Harry, and public opinion, hitherto dead against him, began to waver. Some, indeed, said that it looked like an acquittal, but these were few, the majority clinging to their pet idea, fostered and nurtured by the gushing of the specials, that he must be guilty or he would not have been accused.

A string of witnesses followed the doubly perjured scoundrel whose evidence concluded the last chapter, and gave evidence more or less bearing on the case. Some had seen the Belvedere in port, and witnessed meetings between Harry and Don Salvo; others had talked with the men and learned that they led a roving, happy-go-lucky life, which of course required capital to keep up, and how could such capital be obtained except by plunder and murder? The inference seemed clear, and when several people, inhabitants of Fortalega, distinctly swore that the Belvedere had more than once returned to port with wounded men on board, the judge, jury and the public had but one belief on the subject, and that was that the prisoner at the bar was guilty.

Harry listened calmly to it all, asking a question now and then, and passing notes to Tom below, who carefully copied them on to foolscap paper, Ching-Ching looking on like an owl of wisdom, and occasionally venturing to point out errors which did not exist. Something in this style:

"You am wrong dere, Missa Tom."

"Where?"

"At dat word."

"What is the word?"

"Dat for you to say, Missa Tom," said Ching-Ching, shaking his head; "you make him, and you am de man to read him."

"But I write that others may read," urged Tom.

"No, Missa Tom, you write so dat oders don't read; me not make him out at all."

"But you are not able to read anybody's writing."

"No, dat 'cause nobody write plain enuf. De worle am bery badly eddicated."

"So it seems, Ching-Ching, but be silent, and listen to what is going on."

"Captain Grover," called out Sergeant Slaughter.

The gallant officer stepped lightly and quietly into the box and took the oath. He was very pale, and his face wore an anxious look, but he never looked at the prisoner during his examination by the counsel for the prosecution.

Sergeant Slaughter had received the information that this witness was rather favorable to the prisoner, and, as he rather liked that style of thing to deal with, he prepared himself for "screwing," as he called it—that is, extracting evidence from an unwilling source.

"You command the Spitfire, Captain Grover?" he said.

"I have that honor," was the captain's reply.

"You arrested the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Fortalega, near the residence of Don Salvo."

"Was he violent—did he resist you?"

"Not in the least, but if he had, I should not have been surprised."

"Indeed!" said the learned counsel, thinking that he was on the trail of something good, "and why not?"

"Because in that lawless place men carry their lives in their hands, and for aught he knew I might have been a brigand."

"But the uniform of yourself and men?"

"Might have been a disguise. Men there are not very scrupulous."

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"I do not understand you."

"Pardon me; when did you first see him?"

"About six months ago."



"Where?"

"On board the Spitfire."

A general exclamation of surprise escaped all the listeners. Harry, who had been standing rather listlessly, turned quickly and looked at the captain.

Was he going to betray the secret he had trusted to his keeping?

Captain Grover, still with his eyes to the front, smiled, as if to reassure him. Then came the next question.

"When was he there?"

"At night."

"How came he there?"

"Swam from the Belvedere—a good two miles."

Another general exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped those in court, and even the judge looked over his spectacles at him.

"Why did he come?"

"To ask me to abandon the pursuit of the Belvedere."

"A bold trick. Why did you not arrest him?"

"I had no power. I was in his hands."

"How?"

"He came armed, and I was unarmed, alone in my cabin."

"He threatened you?"

Captain Grover hesitated, and Sergeant Slaughter was triumphant.

"He threatened you—yes or no?"

"Yes; but——"

"There can be no 'but' in such a case, Captain Grover."

"But hear me out."

"You can say what you please, but I have no more questions to ask you," and the learned sergeant sat down.

Harry knew not what to do, and feared to cross-examine. Something might come out to injure his case, and he saw that the admission of having been threatened had made a marked impression upon the jury. Every man of the twelve made a note of it, and the learned judge made a very long memorandum indeed.

"I have no questions to ask," said Harry, and Captain Grover went down crestfallen, and conscious that he had injured the man he had intended to help. Sergeant Slaughter smiled his sweetest smile.

The hours for sitting had now expired, and the judge rose. Harry made application to be bailed as before, but was refused.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SAD EVENING.

"I thought that blessed old judge meant mischief," said Ira, as the friends of our hero left the court. "He looked as if he knew how it would end. Refused bail—it looks bad."

"You think so?" asked Tom, anxiously. "I thought that the witnesses proved very little."

"They broke down in minor matters," replied Ira, "but on the whole the evidence is dead against him."

"It seems to me," said Sir Darnley, "that they have been glad to get hold of any evidence, as witness that fellow who deserted."

"Oh, he was a traitorous hound."

"I just like to hab him in a room for ten minutes," said Ching-Ching, "wif Sammy to see fair play. Eh, Sammy?"

"Dat would be good fun, Chingy," said Samson, mournfully. "But what de good ob tinkin ob it when Massa Harry am in prison?"

"Ah, dat bery bad."

"I wonder how long the trial will last?" said Ira.

"Oh, the prosecution has called nearly all its witnesses," said Ira; "and Harry will get through his to-morrow."

"What a story his life would make!"

"A very good one if we had an honest publisher."

"Sumfin like dat story dat my farder write," said Ching-Ching, "which I tell you of."

"Wait until dinner," said Ira; "here is the hotel. I think we may as well all feed together this evening—eh, Sir Darnley?"

"By all means."

The dinner was ready for them, and they sat down, with one empty chair by the table. The waiter was about to remove it, when Tom checked him.



"Let it remain," he said, "and you need not wait."

"Harry is here in spirit, I am sure," Tom continued, when the waiter was gone, "and that is why I had his chair left."

"It is a sad thing to see it empty," said Sir Darnley.

"Dark clouds are about him," said Ira Staines; "but every cloud has its silver lining, and hope is not dead within me yet."

"De best game out am to hope," remarked Ching-Ching. "My farder allus said to me: 'Be sure to hab a lilly hope 'bout you to keep a-goin' in de world. It comes in useful when you least expeckle it.'"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TRIAL CONTINUED.

The next morning Ching-Ching and Samson were early at the court, with their vouchers to show that they were witnesses, and were duly admitted.

A great crowd had collected, but the part of the court put aside for the public was already full, and that devoted to barristers packed with the wigged ones like a bloater barrel.

The police who had charge of the doors looked pleased, and smiled as they rattled various coins in their pockets, which had come to them in the form of tips, and the ushers, also well feed, were quite oily with heat and excitement.

As Ching-Ching took his seat the judge entered, and on the latter bowing to the barristers, Ching-Ching took the compliment to himself, and rising, honored the learned man with such a bow as he had never seen before, and could never hope to see again.

"Who is that?" he asked, leaning over, and whispering in the ear of his clerk.

"He is a foreigner," replied the clerk, "and has something to do with the prisoner, my lord."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, my lord, and it was he who interrupted the court so often yesterday."

"Oh! that is the man," returned the judge

with a frown. "I'll make a note of it. Keep your eye on him."

"Yes, my lord."

As soon as the judge had taken his seat Harry was put in the dock, and as a matter of course every eye was turned upon him. He looked a little pale and anxious, but the scrutiny had no visible effect upon him. He bowed to the judge, and shook hands with his friends. Sergeant Slaughter opened his brief and renewed the attack.

He called but two more witnesses, the first of whom was a dealer in fruit at Fortalega, and had been many times on board the Belvedere. He spoke to the general appearance of the ship, to her coming and going, and to the mysterious character she bore; also to certain conversations which had taken place between him and the men. Harry neither denied nor admitted the truth of his evidence, but simply said that he wished to have nothing to do with him.

That man had been lifted out of poverty by our hero, and placed in a respectable position. He had shown his gratitude by turning against his benefactor in the hour of misfortune; but base as he was, he felt Harry's scorn, and slunk from the box with the air of a detected thief.

"The next witness I will call is perhaps the most important of all," said Sergeant Slaughter, "as he was for a long time a friend of the prisoner's; and being misled by him, was the unconscious means of helping him to pursue his nefarious practices."

"Who can that be?" thought Harry; but he was not long kept in doubt, as Sergeant Slaughter immediately called:

"Don Salvo."

An exclamation of surprise escaped our hero's lips, and his friends below seemed to be totally confounded. Even Ching-Ching partly rose from his seat, and opened and shut his mouth like a fish on land.

The Don, pale as a ghost, and a little tottering in his step, entered the box and bowed, first to the judge and then to Sergeant Slaughter, but he never looked toward Harry or noticed the affable wave of the hand which Ching-Ching, recovered from his first surprise, favored him with.

"What is your name?" asked the learned

counsel.



"Baptista Salvo."

"You are a native of Spain, naturalized in Brazil, I believe?"

"I am."

"You know the prisoner?"

The Don seemed to be unable to answer for a moment, and licked his dry lips. Harry quietly smiled, and leaning forward a little, said:

"Look at me, Don Salvo."

Just for a brief moment the old villain looked at him, and then drew his eyes away.

"You know the prisoner?"

"I do."

"What is his name?"

"Henry Marshton, generally known as Handsome Harry."

"You knew him in Fortalega?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"For many years."

"Now tell me, Don Salvo, did he, all the time you knew him, ever go by his right name?"

"No; he was known only as Handsome Harry or Captain Harry."

"Why did he conceal his right name?"

"I do not know."

"Did you ever ask him?"

"Yes, and the only reason that he gave was that he had private reasons for concealment."

"No doubt he had," said Sergeant Slaughter, smiling meaningly.

"Sammy," whispered Ching-Ching, "keep your eye on dat ole Don. I want to witness to de trufe by-em-by. Missa Staines?"

"What do you want?"

"Pass me de ink, and den pen, and paper."

"What for? You can't write."

"I hab some notes to make 'bout dat ole mummy. Notes dat shall confound him as I am a libing sinner."

Ira passed him the paper, and Ching-Ching made some marks upon it which closely resembled the scrawls of infancy. Sergeant Slaughter went on with his examination.

"But, in spite of all this, Don Salvo," he said, "you trusted the prisoner?"

"I loved him," muttered the Don.

"And allowed him to become engaged to your daughter?"

"I did—she was weak enough to fall in

love with him, but she knows what he is now, and despises him."

It was a cruel shaft to shoot, and for an instant it struck home; but Harry saw something beneath the malignant face of the Don which told him that it was not true.

"You have lied, Don," he said; "but go on. I will talk to you by and by."

"And I'll skin him," said Ching-Ching.

"That man is interrupting the court again," said the judge; "now, sir——"

Ching-Ching was very busy making a note, but the judge was not to be put off.

"Sir!" he cried, "will you attend to me—that Chinaman there?"

Ching-Ching looked up with a start, and smiled tenderly upon him.

"Yes, lubly judge," he said.

"You must not talk in court," said the judge; "it's not allowed."

"Did me talk, lubly judge?" exclaimed Ching-Ching, overcome with surprise.

"Of course you did."

"Den it was skillylilloquy, lubly lord judge," said Ching-Ching. "My farder was in de same way. He allus skillysquizing."

"If your father does it here," said the judge, angrily, "I will commit him."

"My farder not here, lubly lord."

"Then, if you do it, I will commit you. Let the witness proceed."

"We now come to the Belvedere," said Sergeant Slaughter; "I believe it was purchased with your money?"

"It was, confound—ahem!—it was, I am sorry to say."

"Why did you purchase it?"

"Our land and seas are much infested by robbers and pirates, and our commerce suffers dreadfully. The prisoner volunteered to put the pirates down, and for that purpose I fitted out the Belvedere."

"Did he carry out his promise?"

"No."

"What did he do?"

"Joined the pirates, I believe."

"Have you any evidence bearing upon his deeds at sea?"

"Nothing more than that our ships suffered more after he was afloat, and that he had always plenty of money at his com-

mand."



"Was there no complaint ever lodged against him?"

"None," said the Don. "Dead men cannot lodge complaints."

"What do you mean?"

"Pirates spare none—they put their victims quietly under the sea."

"Have you any evidence of his violence on land?"

"Yes, he went with his crew to the island of Santa Chardo, and there murdered my friend, Don Travio, and his household."

"Did you witness the deed?"

"No, but he will not deny it," said the Don, smiting the ledge of the witness-box with his hand.

"I do not deny it," said Harry; "he was a murderous villain—a traitor to you, and it was to save my own life that I took his."

"That admission goes for something," said Sergeant Slaughter, and the jury made a note of it. Ching-Ching also made a note, which looked like a very bad drawing of a toasting-fork, and seemed to be immensely pleased with it.

"Have you any further instances of his violence to record?"

"There were always brawls when he was on shore at Fortalega, but I can only speak of them in a general way," said the Don. "He was invariably accompanied by a negro and a Chinaman"—every eye was now turned upon Samson and Ching-Ching—"two brawling ruffians, who turned my house upside down, and nearly murdered me upon more than one occasion."

"You hear dat, Sammy," said Ching-Ching; "here, hab a sheet ob paper, and make a note ob him. Two prowling ruffians dat—"

"Will you keep quiet?" asked the judge, "and wait until the court requests you to speak?"

"Bery good, lubly judge," murmured Ching-Ching. "You hear dat, Sammy? Don't talk and interrup de genlyman lord judge on de shelf."

It was a fortunate thing for Ching-Ching that Sergeant Slaughter covered the latter part of this speech by going on with his examination. Otherwise, the judge might have taken offence at the idea of being on the shelf, and committed our friend then and

there. As matters were, he had another escape.

"You would know those two men again, Don Salvo?" said the sergeant.

"I could swear to their little fingers," said the Don, savagely.

"Thank you, Don Salvo, that will do."

The Don turned hurriedly to leave the box, but Harry called him back.

"Stop," he cried; "I have a word or two to say to you, Don Salvo."

"I am unwell," muttered the Don; "the climate—the air of the court upsets me."

"You must remain, nevertheless, Don Salvo. Attend, if you please."

"Well?" said the Don, glaring at him savagely.

"You have given my name as Henry Marshton," said Harry.

"I have. What then?"

"Who told you that is my name?"

"Yourself."

"Just so; but is that all I confided to you, Don Salvo?"

No answer. The Don licked his lips, and seemed to be uneasy.

"Have you forgotten the story of my brother?"

"Dat it, de story ob de broder; now he am in a fix," said Ching-Ching, who, however, knew nothing whatever about it.

"I believe that person is speaking again," said the judge; "if I was sure I would commit him."

"I ask you," said Harry, "if you have forgotten the story of my brother?"

"No," said the Don; "but your brother is dead, and has naught to do with you."

"Was not the Belvedere fitted out to avenge his death?"

"So you said."

"Was it not by your wish? Was not your daughter killed also? But, then, I see the lie upon your lips. Go down, old man. I may hang upon your evidence, but your time cannot be far away. The grave is almost dug for you. You may scheme and plot against justice—you may deceive your fellow men, but you cannot plot again or blind old Time, and he has marked you for his scythe."

"I shall live to see you hanged," hissed the Don.

"Perhaps," said Harry.



"You deserve a felon's death," cried the Don, clawing the air.

"Sammy," whispered Ching-Ching, "pass me dat round inkstand, and see if I don't bung de Don's eye up."

"Ushers!" cried the judge.

"Yes, my lord."

"Remove that man."

Of course he meant Ching-Ching, but as Don Salvo, blinded by fury, staggered from the witness-box and fell upon his back, they thought he was alluded to by the judge and removed him. By the time the confusion this created had subsided the judge had either cooled down or forgotten Ching-Ching, for he said nothing more at the time about him.

"That is my case, my lord," said Sergeant Slaughter, "and if the prisoner has any defence—which I very much doubt—I trust he will make it without delay, as I have pressing business in another court."

"I will not detain you longer than I can help," said Harry, "but I have matters of much moment to speak about, and I fear that I shall not be able to conclude to-day. My lord, I respectfully call your attention to my defence, which will take the form of a story."

"Prisoner, proceed."

## CHAPTER VI.

### HARRY BEGINS HIS DEFENCE.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Harry, "for the better part of two days you have had a tale poured into you which if true would prove me to be a villain of the blackest dye, and convince you and all honest men that I am not fit to live. But I have to relate to you the story of my life, proving as much of it as I can, and leaving you to judge how trustworthy it is, and to say whether I—an innocent man—shall die a felon's death or leave this court with an unstained character."

He paused for an instant, and then proceeded with the story of his life, beginning at childhood. That part of it is familiar to our readers, who will remember his telling it to Tom True and Ira Staines on board the Bel-

vedere. The home he lived in, his mother's death, the departure of himself and his brother to a foreign land, the tragic ending of his brother, and the death of that brother's bride, were depicted with the graphic force of a man burning under a sense of wrong, and every word told upon the jury.

"But all that," he said, "was prior to the time when I was supposed to have been a murderous ruffian upon the high seas. Let me come to that time. When my brother died I revealed to Don Salvo the name I bore in England, pointing out to him that the death of my twin brother left me undisputed heir to the estates which my father, Sir Henry Marshston, left behind him.

"Not that my brother would have disputed such a point with me, or I with him, but it left me without a doubt the entire owner of our house and lands. You will ask me why I did not claim them. Gentlemen, I will tell you. But first let me tell you how I fared in pursuit of the plan of revenge I formed against Captain Brocken."

The story of his pursuit and its numberless disappointments he told in well-conceived language, and judge, jury, counsel and public listened to him with rapt attention.

When he came to the final chase in Russia the court was so still that the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop, and as he depicted the end of the chase the very breath of the listeners was suspended.

"The consuming fires of revenge burned fiercely in me," he said, "and I felt that they were withering me. So many disappointments had whetted the keen edge of my awful appetite, and the burning within me seemed to fill the air with a red, blood-like light. Darkness was swept away. I had the eyes of some monster, which could see at any time, and when I dashed against the door of the hut I had no thought whether it was night or day. I broke down the door, and dashed in.

"Gentlemen, the man I had pursued so long was before me. At last I had him in my power, but mad and furious as I was, I could not strike him, as he offered no resistance, but lay panting on the ground, with such a look of terror on his face as I trust you may never see.



"Get up!" I cried, hoarsely, "and face me like a man."

"Harry," he shrieked, "leave me."

"No," I said; "I have sought you too long to be balked of my revenge by your cowardice. Stand up, or I swear I will shoot you there!"

"I drew a pistol from my pocket, for I was in deadly earnest, and, cocking it, presented the weapon at his head.

"Boy!" he cried, "would you murder your FATHER?"

"I heard the word, and staggered back, but recovering in a moment, I gave him the lie. He smiled softly, and drew a portrait from his breast.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"I knew it at once. It was our mother.

"Look on the other side," he said.

"I turned the case, and there was he—as I had known him before he fell into the hands of the Frenchman, Cartouche. Underneath was his name, written by my mother.

"Boy," he said, "will you believe me now?"

"I could not deny the truth, but I was overwhelmed with dismay, and could not answer him. He closed the locket, and, placing it in my hand, continued, 'It must be hard for you to learn that you are the son of a demon, but how I became so you may one day learn, if Heaven wills it. I cannot tell you, for my strength is failing now. I am called.'

"I have hunted you to death!" I cried.

"No," he said. "My own bad passions have brought me to this end. The blame is all my own. I have earned my fate, and when I am gone let no tinge of regret lie upon your young life. Forget me. Wipe out the memory of me in mercy, and bury me in some nameless grave, in such a place as Heaven alone can find me. I cannot hide from the punishment of the next world, but I would be forgotten by this. My boy—my son—will you touch my hand?"

"Could I refuse?" continued Harry. "Am I to set myself up above all men, and be the judge of that agonized man? No. I had sinned enough in the pursuit of my unholy revenge. I had learned how bitter is the fruit of man's own vengeance. To give him my hand, and say 'God pardon you, my

father!' was as little as I could do, and I did it. He raised my hand to his lips, smiled sadly, and, with a bitter sigh, passed away.

"Such is the story of my life, gentlemen," said Harry, "and I will, with your leave, let the part my wretched father played in it die out. You know now why the Belvedere was fitted out—why she put to sea—why I manned her in secret, and pursued a presumably unlawful career, and how profitable it was to me.

"I am called a murderer and a pirate. All that could be said against a man has been heaped upon me by the counsel for the prosecution, to whom I impute no blame, for he is a paid agent, and merely does his duty. Yet I think he has been harsher in language than need have been, and shown a sterner spirit than the necessity of sustaining his great reputation warrants.

"You, however, must be the judge of that. If you believe him and his witnesses, I am a doomed man, for the scaffold must and should be my fate; but if, on the other hand, you place reliance on what I have said, and what the witnesses I intend to call will say, you will acquit me, and I shall be once more free.

"I am still very young—at an age when most men of any position in life have rarely begun to toil—and it is barely within the bounds of possibility for one of my years to compress into his life all the villainy I have been accused of.

"Gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands, humbly trusting that the God who made and created us all will guide you to a right verdict."

He turned away, overcome with emotion, and buried his face in his hands.

The jury looked and felt sympathetic, but they felt that what they had listened to was but an address, and not evidence, and still believed him to be guilty.

His friends, however, could not contain themselves, and a vigorous rattling of heels upon the floor of the court was heard. Ching-Ching, unable to contain himself, waved the sheet which contained his important notes, and cried:

"Bery much hooroar! ongore! ongore! Three cheers for Missa Harry, and blow de judge and jury!"



The consequence of this rashness might have been fatal to his liberty; but the time for the sitting of the court having expired, and the judge being in a hurry for his dinner, only glared upon this most trying offender, and rose. Harry, after shaking hands with his friends, was taken away, and the police cleared the court.

## CHAPTER VII.

### VENGEANCE.

On the way out of the court Samson and Ching-Ching got separated from their friends, and in the hall paused, with the hope of finding them. Ching-Ching looked about him, but saw nothing, except knots of people, strangers to them, eagerly discussing the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence.

Judging by what Ching-Ching overheard, the public still clung to the notion of his being guilty. They liked to think so still, because they had entertained the notion from the first. He was not, however, without his sympathizers.

"He is the handsomest fellow I ever saw," said one man, "and with his face it is difficult to believe that he ever committed the crime."

"Satan is a fallen angel," said another.

"True, but it is sad to see one like him in such a fix."

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "whar hab dey got to?"

"Me not see dem," replied Samson; "but—hallo, Chingy!"

"What de row?"

"Dere he am."

"Who?"

"De Don, Don Salbo, de ole willain."

"Where?" asked Ching-Ching, keenly alive in a moment.

"Dere," said Samson, pointing toward the entrance of the court.

There the Don was, on the point of getting into a four-wheeled cab, and quite oblivious of the close proximity of his old enemies.

Ching-Ching made a sign to Samson and darted out.

The cab was already moving off, and in a twinkling he was seated on the rail behind, among the spikes.

Samson, not quite so active, got mixed up in the crowd, and before he well realized what had taken place he was alone.

As soon as he could get clear he ran in the direction the cab had taken, but although there were many four-wheelers moving about, he could not see one with the familiar form of his friend hanging behind it.

The only thing he could do was to go home; but as he had hitherto trusted to Ching-Ching for guidance, he was at a loss, and stood by Holborn Church, looking about him in utter bewilderment.

Such a figure as Samson's could not long escape those young vultures of London—the street boys—and there were soon a dozen at him.

"Hallo, Day and Martin," cried one, "who scraped you off the bottle?"

"Dat you, Massa Gorge?" said another, and made believe to play the banjo.

"He ain't been washed since he was born," said a third, who looked as if he had never himself performed that needful ceremony.

Samson smiled good-naturedly upon them until he showed every tooth in his head, and they gave him a cheer.

"Can any lilly boy show me de way to de Strand?" he said; "I gib him sixpence."

"All right, your honor," cried one, "here you are—foller me."

"The gentleman axed me," said a second; "you let him alone."

"He wants me," insisted a third; "didn't you look at me, sir?"

In this way they all laid claim to the office, and as Samson was quite unable to decide upon one, the whole volunteered to go, and formed a procession to guide him to his home.

The spectacle of a negro gentleman of Samson's height and build, in company with a dozen of the most ragged urchins that London could produce, caused no little sensation even in busy London, and every idler who found time lagging heavily on his hands followed up to see what it all meant.

The boys turned into Staple Inn, where the beadle made an effort to expel them, but he being too fat and lazy, they dodged him



easily and got Samson into Chancery-lane. There, finding themselves objects of interest, their spirits rose considerably.

"Three cheers for the nigger!" cried one.

The cheers were given lustily, every loafer about joining in without knowing or caring why or wherefore. This brought up a policeman, who asked a pieman what he meant by blocking up the road.

The pieman said he wasn't blocking up anything, and was promptly hustled around the corner.

Samson and his escort turned into Fleet street and passed through Temple Bar, when the leader of the band called a halt.

"What part of the Strand, sir?" he said.

Samson gave the name of the street, and they all moved on again through that one-time shady retreat called Holywell street, past Somerset House to the abode of our friend, and the foremost Arab knocked at the door.

Mrs. Mant opened it, and beheld Samson and the crowd behind him.

"Mercy on me!" she cried, "what is all this?"

"Some ob dem genlymen show me de way home," said Samson, "and de rest come in a frenly spirit."

"I shall be robbed out of house and home," screamed Mrs. Mant. "Come in."

"Fust I pay dem a shilling," said Samson, producing a linen purse as long as a stocking, and diving his hand down into its depths.

There were only a few shillings at the bottom, but ere he could touch them the purse was snatched away, and a general fight and scramble ensued for the contents.

Mrs. Mant, wiser in her generation than Samson, seized him by the collar and dragging him in, barred and locked the door.

"How could you mix yourself up with that lot of thieves?" she said. "It's a wonder they left you even an eyelash to come home with."

"Whar am dat purse ob mine?" said Samson, in a fury.

"Oh, you will never see that again. Was there much in it?"

"Seven shilling and a lilly sixpence," replied Samson; "dere was also a bone which hab de power to charm away de measles, and

keep off broken legs. I must hab de bone if not de purse."

"Go upstairs," said Mrs. Mant; "you are a great goose, and your bone is gone."

"P'raps if I ax dem perlately——"

"Nonsense; they would wonder what is the matter with you. They have been wondering upstairs where you were."

Samson went upstairs and found Bill Grunt, Eddard, Ira and Tom waiting for his return with some anxiety.

"Where is Ching-Ching?" asked Tom.

"Me lost him," replied Samson, "in de crowd."

"Oh, he's all right," said Ira. "I dare say he will be home in half an hour; let us sit down and wait for him."

The half hour soon passed, but Ching-Ching did not return. An hour elapsed, and he was still absent.

"Most extraordinary," said Tom; "where can he be gone?"

"Got into trouble somewhere," said Ira.

"Very foolish of him, as he will be sure to be wanted to-morrow. We must wait for him."

They waited patiently hour after hour, but when the clocks tolled the hour of midnight he was still away.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DON SALVO.

There was not perhaps in England a more wretched man than Don Salvo that night. Doubly a traitor to Harry, he had come over to give evidence against Harry to save his own neck. There was, indeed, no occasion for him to do so, for the prosecution never contemplated calling him as a witness, or implicating him as an accomplice; but the cowardly fears which possessed him brought up a thousand terrors, and, acting under impulse, he came and volunteered his services.

The result we have seen. It was neither creditable nor satisfactory to him, for in the first place he had aided the prosecution very little, and in the second he discovered that he had not served himself or others, and



that he had needlessly stained his traitorous soul with another shade of villainous dye.

He came, as he thought, alone, and had taken apartments in one of the streets near Fitzroy square, a part of London very much like a maze, and a complete puzzle to many who had lived there all their lives. You may come out of your house and walk straight away for a mile or two, and find yourself most unexpectedly near the spot you started from. The writer of this story once resided there for three weeks, and tried every morning to get into Oxford street, but utterly failing, at last wrote to his friends to come to the rescue. They sent an experienced guide, who led him forth, and from that hour he has never set foot in that mazy locality.

To return to Don Salvo.

He had, as we have said, taken apartments in one of the streets alluded to; but, like a wise man, he went to and fro in cabs, and saved himself a world of trouble; but even the drivers were often puzzled, and the one who drove him from Newgate had to make many inquiries before he got safely home.

He paid the man his fare, after grumbling at the charge, and entered the house—a dingy place, the very home of faded gentility. The house had not been papered or painted for years. The furniture, the carpets, the pictures were faded, and everything gave out a musty smell. Even the landlady was faded and worn, and looked like an image of a bygone generation, which had lain in some old attic, long forgotten, and been suddenly brought to light.

She answered the bell when the Don rang, and asked him if he wanted tea.

"Tea!" he said querulously. "No. Get me something stronger—wine, brandy, anything. I am worn out with fatigue."

"A bottle of brandy, sir?"

"Yes."

She disappeared, and in a few minutes brought in a bottle of brandy, a tumbler, and cold water.

"Anything to eat, sir?"

"Nothing," he said; "you may go. What sound is that?"

"I heard nothing, sir."

"I thought I heard a rustling by the window-curtains."

"I think you are mistaken."

"Very well; you may go."

She left the room, and the Don sat down to think—and drink. Mixing a tumbler, fair half-and-half, he drank off a part of it, and began to muse aloud.

"So," he said, "I have come hither on a fool's errand, and I had better have stayed at home. I thought he would have turned upon and implicated me, but no such a thing seems to have entered his head. What a noble nature the fellow must possess! Very different to those I have generally associated with."

He looked toward the window, and the curtain slightly moved.

"What a current of air there is here!" he said, shivering slightly. "What an inhospitable climate this is—sending the cold to the very marrow of a stranger!"

He stirred the fire, warmed his hands, and continued his musing.

"Juanita has renounced me and left her home," he said—"gone, nobody knows whither, and Ximena, who was always spooning upon that Yankee chap, has gone too. Well, I will leave her nothing—she shall be a beggar. I will not leave her one penny of my wealth. My wealth—great heaven! What will become of it? That wealth for which I have sacrificed my soul. Knaves and gamblers will riot and revel with it—while I—while I lie moldering in the grave."

He shuddered and drank the remaining part of his brandy and water, then he mixed another and continued:

"Moldering in my grave," he said; "lying beneath the cold earth—remembered only by those rioting with my wealth for my wealth—by all others despised—forgotten! Oh, must I indeed die?"

"Dat you must, ole man," said Ching-Ching, stepping from behind the curtain. "Dat you must—like de rest ob de worle. What could such a bery old sinner 'spect to do?"

"Who—why—how came you here?" stammered the don, as he put his hand upon the bell-rope.

"Don't ring," said Ching-Ching, "or p'raps I shall settle you afore dey come. Sit down."



in quavering tones, introduced Ching-Ching as a friend of his who had just arrived from—Pekin.

"Who will stay here wif you for a day or two," said Ching-Ching, easily.

"For a day or two," muttered the don.

"Very good, sir," said the landlady; "I have a spare room at the top of the house."

"The very thing," cried the don, eagerly.

"The best ting," said Ching-Ching; "any room will do for me."

A gleam of satisfaction overspread the face of the don. Ching-Ching was a bigger fool than he took him to be. The landlady left the room, and Don Salvo put on an air of resignation.

"I suppose," he said, "that, having got you, I must put up with you. Help yourself to some drink."

"Tank you," said Ching-Ching; "but don't run away wif de concluding dat you can make me tossi-catled, for I hab de jeshin ob de ostlerich."

"I don't want to make you drunk."

"Not at all, ole skinny bones. Your bery good health."

An hour passed, and, the don relaxing wonderfully, the pair apparently became friends. Ching-Ching mixed the grog, and the two hobnobbed together quite sociably. The don even pretended to laugh at the jokes played upon him in the days of old.

"You were always a humorous fellow," he said, "but you were rather hard on me, but I forgave the thing as soon as done."

"Nothing like broderly lub," said Ching-Ching.

"Nothing," returned the don. "Your health again, my friend."

This sort of thing went on until Don Salvo, looking at his watch, declared it was time to retire. He rose, and Ching-Ching rose too.

"You will find your room at the top of the house," remarked the don, in the most careless manner he could assume.

"No doubt," said Ching-Ching.

"Good-night."

"We go upstairs togedder," returned Ching-Ching; "I just hab a look at your room."

"Very good; there is nothing in it, I assure you."

"No gun, no pistol?"

"None."

Ching-Ching lighted the candle, and told the don to lead the way. His bedroom was on the first floor—an ordinary room looking out upon the area.

"A bery ugly jump," said Ching-Ching.

"I wouldn't attempt it for the world," said the don, earnestly, and really he meant it.

"I s'pose not," returned Ching-Ching; "but for all dat I not trust you."

He closed the window, and, taking a small piece of wood from his pocket, which he fashioned into the form of a wedge, this he drove between the two sashes, and broke off short.

"Now," he said, "you can open de window if you can. Whar am de key ob your door?"

"It doesn't lock," said the don.

And, in fact, it did not. The doors of cheap lodging-houses never lock. Ching-Ching tried it, the don watching his movements with a grin.

"Neber mind," said Ching-Ching, "I can trust you so far—I hope you will despect dat trust."

"Certainly," said the don; "good night."

"Good night," replied Ching-Ching, and went out.

But once outside, he went no further. Drawing the door close, he produced from that temple of magic, his pocket, a piece of string, which he tied first to the handle of the door, and then to his toe. This operation performed, he laid down upon the mat by the door.

"I tink," he murmured, "dat I may fall into sleep, for de times hab been bery fatigue, but if I do, dis am de way to be rouse a bit. Good night, ole bony. I wonder what Sammy am tinkin ob now?"

## CHAPTER IX.

### HARRY'S DEFENCE CONTINUED.

Greater excitement than ever was apparent on the morning of the third day of the trial, and the narrow street leading from Ludgate Hill to the court was crowded at an early hour, and the more open space be-



yond was filled with knots of people, eagerly discussing Harry's fate, which had become the great topic of the day.

The arrival of anybody connected with the court or the case was heard with joy. The judge, the counsel, the lawyer, and the witnesses and friends of the prisoner all came in for a share of it, particularly Samson and Ching-Ching and the don.

That unhappy Spaniard was virtually a prisoner.

In the night he had made one effort to escape, and of course woke Ching-Ching, who sprang up like a harlequin, and seizing him by the throat, shook him until his teeth rattled again. He accepted the lesson, and retired, groaning, to bed, and kept there until Ching-Ching in the morning put his head into the room and told him that he might get up.

"Member what I told you," said Ching-Ching, as they entered the court; "de moment dat you open your mouf I make a sample ob you."

Don Salvo was broken and abject in the extreme, and fervently vowed that nothing was further from his thoughts. He would not even look at any one unless his dear friend from Pekin wished it.

"All right, don," said Ching-Ching.

Samson, who had passed a sleepless night, thinking that Ching-Ching must have been ridden over by a cart (it was the only thing he could think of), hailed the arrival of his friend with so much joy that he narrowly escaped being turned out of court, and the rest of the party gave him kindly greeting. All were naturally very much astonished to find the don there; but, being acquainted with the reason for his coming, enjoyed his presence vastly. The don himself looked the very picture of agony and despair.

A hundred times in ten minutes the thought of speaking to the police or some of the authorities of the court crossed his mind, but he feared the consequences. He knew how resolute Ching-Ching was, and, if he kept his word, his life was not worth a minute's purchase.

So he kept quiet, and groaned under the misery of his life.

"Silence in the court."

The judge took his seat, and, after the

usual formalities, Harry was called upon to continue his defence.

"Captain Strangeways," he cried.

The mysterious stranger whom Harry had visited entered the box, and stood calmly surveying the people around. His gaunt figure, his careworn face, and the long drooping mustache combined to make his appearance remarkable. Harry proceeded to examine him in the orthodox style.

"You knew my father," he said—"the man who went by the name of Captain Brocken?"

"Well."

"You were boys together, I believe?"

"Yes, and great friends—almost inseparable."

"You knew him at the time of his disgrace?"

"I did."

"What was the cause of it?"

"He was accused of cheating at cards."

"Was he guilty of it?"

"No; he was the innocent tool of a rascal named Mortimer, who, finding his detection almost inevitable, had the audacity to pretend to expose his victim."

"And what was the result?" asked Harry.

"The world believed the scoundrel Mortimer. Your father was expelled from the club, and prohibited from appearing on any race-course in the kingdom. He was posted up everywhere, and every friend and acquaintance he had cut him dead."

"What became of him then?"

"He left home, and wife, and children, and, in the recklessness of his despair, took to piracy upon the high seas. He told me, when he left, that man had worked his ruin, and that he would work ruin in return."

"When he took to this unhappy course did all communication between you cease?"

"No, for we were true friends through all. I could not stem the torrent of public contumely, but I could personally remain true to him, and I did."

"At a great loss to yourself?"

"Yes. Society made me an outcast too."

A murmur of admiration ran round the court, and Ching-Ching was audibly heard to declare "dat dat was a man who would hab been a credit eben to Pekin."

The judge fixed an angry stare upon him, but as the murmur was general, he was



obliged to be content with instructing the ushers to call for silence.

It was called for and obtained, and Harry proceeded with his examination.

"You had many letters from him?"

"Very many."

"What did they principally relate to?"

"His life. I have one here, which depicts his horror at finding that he had carried off the wife of a man whom he discovered to be his own son, and the terrible agony he felt at being pursued by you, his other child."

"Have you those letters?"

"I have."

Captain Strangeways drew a packet from his breast, and handed them to the judge for examination. Each letter had been carefully preserved, with the post-marks and seals, and their authenticity was beyond doubt.

"There is one letter," said the witness, "which speaks of the fitting up of the Belvedere for the sole purpose of pursuing him. In it he says he would be content to die the moment he was assured of your forgiveness. You will find it marked with the letter D, my lord."

"I am looking at it," said the judge. "Hum—ha—yes—go on with your examination, prisoner."

"I have no more questions to ask the witness," said Harry.

"But I have," said Sergeant Slaughter, rising. "Now, witness, attend to me. What has become of this man—or supposed man—whom you have called Mortimer?"

"He went abroad, and was caught cheating by a Pole, who, not having a notion of treating villainy otherwise than it deserves, shot him there and then. His body was examined after death, and marked cards and loaded dice were found upon him."

"Have you any proof of this?"

"Here is the full report of the affair in a German newspaper," replied Captain Strangeways. "It was translated into the Times—a copy of which I have also preserved."

"You have been very methodical in your preservations?"

"I have—but I had a presentiment that they would come in useful some day."

"Have you ever communicated with the prisoner before?"

"Not until the other day, when I wrote and told him that I could be of service to him."

"Which you will be—if the jury believe you. You may retire."

As the captain stepped out of the witness-box some attempt to applaud was made, but we have the authority of the reporters for stating that it was instantly suppressed.

"Ira Staines," cried Harry; and our Yankee friend, all smiles, stepped into the witness-box.

"You have served under me on board the Belvedere?"

"I have, I am happy to say."

"Did you ever see anything there to lead you to suppose that I either practised or aided such a thing as piracy?"

"On the contrary, I have known you to suppress it."

"Thank you," said Harry, and sat down.

Sergeant Slaughter arose, and giving his gown a jerk, which those who knew him understood to be a sign that he meant mischief, bade the prisoner wait a minute.

"What are you, Mr. Staines?" he asked.

"An American."

"Thank you, but that is not what I mean. What are you by business or profession?"

"A sailor."

"Have you ever served in a regular navy?"

"No."

"Or in any known line of vessels?"

"I have not."

"What have you served in, then?"

"I have been fond of wandering, and I took any service I could get."

"You were not over particular, Mr. Staines?"

"Not at first, but my life on board the Belvedere taught me a lesson."

"Pray, what lesson was it?"

"That honesty is the best policy, and that one good act is worth ten thousand bad ones. I have not had many lessons set me in my life that a man ought to follow, but I learned that there."

"You swear that you have never seen any violence on board the Belvedere?"

"No, I do not."

"Oh, indeed, then there has been a little bloodshed about?"

"Yes, but only when we have been at-



tacked by pirates. During the past year we sunk at least half a dozen of the most notorious craft upon the seas."

"I have only your word for that. That will do."

Sergeant Slaughter had not bettered his case much, and things were looking a little more hopeful for Harry; but the jury looked cold, and seemed to accept the evidence of both Strangeways and Ira with indifference.

"Thomas Darnley," cried Harry, and Tom True stepped up into the witness-box.

He gave much the same evidence as Ira, and was allowed to go down without cross-examination. Eddard was the next on the list, and on the book being presented to him to kiss, he held it against his nose until the oath was administered, and then said "Amen."

Eddard's evidence was to the effect that the Belvedere had always been what Harry had represented it to be, and that no unnecessary violence had ever been done by its captain, either on board or ashore.

Then Sergeant Slaughter, with his most impressive twitch of the gown, took him in hand.

"You call yourself Edward Cutten?" he said.

"No, I don't," replied Eddard, "and never did."

"What do you call yourself, then?"

"Eddard Cutten."

"Oh! there is no such a name as Eddard. You must have been christened Edward."

"No, I warn't; I was baptized by my god-fathers and godmothers under the name of Eddard."

"How do you spell it?"

"I don't spell it," said Eddard, "and hain't got no occasion to."

"You maintain that your name is Eddard, and not Edward?"

"I does. I've took a hoath on it, which I stands by."

"You are a pretty witness," said Sergeant Slaughter, smiling in a friendly way at the jury, who felt themselves mightily flattered by this condescension; "I do not think that the evidence of a man who cannot spell his name is at all reliable."

"Ignorant men have eyes to see," said

Harry; "he is not here to be examined for a pupil teacher."

"He is here to speak the truth," said the judge.

"And the truth he has told," replied Harry.

"That," said the judge, "is a question for the jury to decide."

All this was dead against the prisoner, for the public and the jury naturally leant with the judge, and Sergeant Slaughter made a good point by telling Eddard that he wanted to have nothing more to do with him. Eddard retired, very much confused and abashed. Harry summoned Bill Grunt, and the old boatswain, with a large quid in his cheek as a stimulator, presented himself before the court.

He had never been in such a position in his life, and was more terrified than he would have been facing a battery of guns, but he held on to the sides of the box with both hands and chewed vigorously.

"Take the book," said the usher.

"Thanky, sir," replied Bill, and with a trembling hand he put it into his pocket. Not being of a very observant nature, he had not noticed the use to which it had been previously put, and looked upon it as a present from a generous stranger.

"What is the man doing?" asked the judge, frowning.

"Hab him out and kiss him, Missa Grunt," suggested Ching-Ching, anxious to relieve a friend in trouble.

"Will you be quiet?" cried the judge. "I will not speak to you again. I will inevitably commit you the next time you interrupt the business of the court."

"Oh, lubly judge," murmured Ching-Ching, "me bery sorry."

"Kiss the book," said the judge to Bill Grunt, and the flurried boatswain gave it a huge smack and passed it back to the usher.

We need not give his evidence in detail, as it was but a repetition of what had been revealed by Ira Staines and the others. Bill was, however, emphatic, and when Harry asked him if ever he had been guilty of piracy, he answered the question with another.

"Have that chap on the bench ever done it?" he asked.



"Answer the question," said the judge. "Has the prisoner, to your knowledge, ever been guilty of piracy?"

"No, he ain't, sir," replied Bill.

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### THE TRIAL CONTINUED.

Sergeant Slaughter next fell upon him, and opened up with a question respecting his name.

"You call yourself William Grunt," he said. "Is it your name?"

"Is it yourn?" returned Bill, with a curious cock of his eye, fearful and wonderful to look upon.

"Insolence," said the learned sergeant, with a warning gesture, "will not serve your turn, or aid your friend the prisoner. Is your name Grunt?"

"Yes, it is."

"Has it always been your name?"

Bill hesitated and looked at the ceiling of the court, and the counsel for the prosecution felt that he had got him.

"Mr. Grunt," said Sergeant Slaughter, "will you answer me? Was your name always William Grunt?"

Bill rolled his quid, and opened his mouth to reply.

"No, it warn't," he said.

"What other names have you had?"

"A many," replied Bill.

"What was the name your father gave you? Answer me."

"I don't know," replied Bill.

"Not know the name your father gave you?"

"No, I never knowed my father—how should I?"

A roar of laughter hailed this reply, but why the people laughed Bill could not tell. Sergeant Slaughter passed his hand across his mouth, and returned to the attack.

"You were an orphan, I suppose?" he asked, blandly.

"No, I warn't," replied Bill.

"What were you, then?"

"My father runned away, I've heerd," said Bill, and the public in the body of the court

roared again. There seemed to be something exquisitely delightful in the act of a dastard who could leave a woman and a child to the mercy of the world. Bill thought otherwise, and turned upon them.

"If some of you was in the fix I was," he said, "you'd laugh on the t'other side o' your face."

"You must not address the public," said the judge. "I do wish that the ushers would keep order."

This put the ushers in a flutter, and two or three people were hustled about. Sergeant Slaughter, with condensed wrath bubbling inside of him, sat down.

"I wish to have nothing to do with equivocating witnesses," he said. "You may retire, my good man."

"Thanky, sir," returned Bill, intensely relieved—"that's the kindest word you've said to me to-day. Nothing more to do up here, I suppose?"

"Get down, will you?" said the usher, curtly, and Bill returned to his seat.

"I have but two more witnesses to call," said Harry, "simple-minded men and natives of other lands. I must rely upon the courtesy of the court to deal lightly with their defects. The negro Samson!"

"Go along, Sammy," said Ching-Ching, and our dark friend made his way across the court. As he moved forward the excitement of Ching-Ching increased, and when Samson, overlooking the step leading to the witness-box, shot over it, sending his head like a battering-ram against the inside of it, the feelings of the mighty Chinaman could no longer be restrained, and regardless of the pains and penalties looming in the distance, he got upon his feet.

"Genlymen ob de judy," he said, as Samson, blinking and gasping, rose up, "dere am de witness for you—dere am de one true man dat s'ported me in de hour ob trouble. when all de world not b'lieve what I say. Keep your eye on him, genlymen, for he am de witness to make de proselcution blush all down dere backs."

"Now, I have warned you several times, I believe," interposed the judge, leaning forward and shaking a forefinger at the much offending Ching-Ching, "and I will not be



troubled with you any more. An officer, if you please."

"My lord," interposed Harry, "do not be hard upon him. He is a foreigner, and a stranger to our courts."

"Foreigners," said the judge, "must obey the laws of this country while they are in it. I will, however, overlook his audacity for the last time; but, foreigner or no foreigner, if he speaks again, I will most assuredly commit him. Proceed."

"Samson," said Harry, turning to his faithful black, "answer the questions I am about to put to you as simply and in as few words as you can."

"Yes, Massa Harry."

"You know what I am accused of—piracy and murder. Have you ever known me to be guilty of such crimes?"

"Oh! Massa Harry, de big liars——"

"Samson, you must say yes or no."

"No, Massa Harry—a hundred times no. You am de best and bravest man dat eber libed, and Ching-Ching am de nex'."

"Who is that?" asked the judge, preparing to make a note.

"He is a witness I am about to call," said Harry; "a great friend of the witness'."

"That may be," returned the judge, "but I do not see why he has been imported into the case."

"I told you, my lord," rejoined Harry, "that this witness was but a simple fellow. I reply upon your consideration to overlook his errors."

"He must not equivocate," said the judge.

"He may make an error," replied Harry, "but he will not lie, my lord."

"Proceed."

"Now, Samson," said Harry, "tell the court how long you have served under me."

"Eber since you hab de Belvedere, Massa Harry."

"And that is five years."

"I tink so, Massa Harry, but Ching-Ching hab de almerack, and he tell you berrer."

"Have the goodness to leave that Chink-dim out," said the judge. "You are, I must say, a most obstinate witness."

Samson turned his big dark eyes upon the wearer of the wig, and said:

"I only want to tell de trufe, massa judge,

for Massa Harry hab been de bery best friend dat eber a poor negro had."

"I have no doubt that you are very friendly with the prisoner," said the judge, dryly, "but that does not aid him much. Go on, prisoner."

Harry bowed, and asked Samson several questions bearing upon the doings of the Belvedere, which he answered truthfully and simply. Sergeant Slaughter declined to cross-examine, loftily declaring that it was a waste of time to talk to such a man.

Samson returned to his seat, and Harry, after a moment's pause, called out:

"Ching-Ching."

## CHAPTER XI.

### CHING-CHING'S EVIDENCE.

Ching-Ching rose, and having secured his umbrella and fan, without which nothing of importance could be done, turned to Samson, and said:

"I leab de lubly Don Salvo in your custody, Sammy; if he look at de judge, knock him down—if he open him mouf, throttle him."

"I will, Chingy, ole boy," said Samson.

When Ching-Ching was called, Don Salvo's face flushed with hope. He saw a chance of escape, but when our cautious friend made the arrangements recorded above, he went head first into the gulf of despair again, and groaned.

"Hab de goodness not to intlerup de court," said Ching-Ching, "or it may be my pailful duty to commit you."

Having given forth this solemn warning he put on his most dignified air, and made for the witness-box. Arriving there, he put his umbrella and fan in the front ledge, and bowed to the judge as if he had just met an old acquaintance.

"Good mornin', lubly lord judge," he said.

"So this is Chinking," said his lordship; "swear him."

The usual formalities were gone through, but the judge had not quite done with the preliminaries.

"You are a foreigner, I believe?" he said.

"Born right orf at Pekin," murmured



Ching-Ching, "in de time ob my fader, two doors off from de remperor."

"Two doors off from whom?"

"De royal remperor," replied Ching-Ching; "de bone-crushing tylant, dat rule de people wif de rod ob iron, and raise de inkem tax."

"I don't quite understand him," said the judge, looking at Sergeant Slaughter.

"He is alluding in some way to his own country, I think," replied the learned counsel.

"Has it anything to do with the case?"

"I think not, my lord."

"Then why does he drag such stuff into it?" growled the judge. "Give me your name, witness."

"Ching-Ching, my lubly lord judge."

"How do you spell it?"

"Me not spell him, sar," replied Ching-Ching, with an amiable wriggle. "My moder used to spell him wif chalk, for she hab so many children dat she 'bliged to put all dere names up behind de door to 'member dem."

"Is your mother here?" asked the judge.

Ching-Ching leisurely surveyed the court and shook his head.

"She not here now, lor judge," he said.

"Can anybody spell your name for you?" asked his lordship. "I must have it down in my notes."

Harry favored him, and the judge angrily scrawled it in his note-book.

"Let the witness give his evidence, now," he said.

The questions that Harry asked Ching-Ching answered. They were much to the same purpose as the previous evidence, and fully confirmed the assertion of the others that the Belvedere was very far removed from the class of craft it was assumed to be.

Ching-Ching shone immensely in giving evidence, and gained the sympathy of many witnesses. "He was so innocent," everybody said; "such a simple-minded fellow, that he had either been grossly deceived or was telling the truth."

"I want to ask the witness one question," said the foreman of the jury, as Harry concluded his examination.

"Me bery glad to answer it," replied Ching-Ching.

"Did you voluntarily join the Belvedere?"

"Did me do what?"

"Were you a free agent? Did you go on board on your own account?"

"No, lubly juryman. I was on de pirate ship at de time, and Missa Harry rescue me."

"Did you know the prisoner before?"

Ching-Ching was on the point of saying that they had been brought up together, but fortunately he checked himself and told the truth.

"No, judyman. Dat was de first occasion dat I was intleduced to him."

"Thank you," said the foreman.

"Good morning, judge, and genlymen all," said Ching-Ching, taking up his fan and umbrella.

"Stop, if you please," said Sergeant Slaughter. "I want a word with you."

"Bery good, sir."

"You are a Chinaman, I believe?"

"My fader—"

"Will you answer the question?" snarled the judge. "What has your father to do with it?"

"I am a Chinaman," replied Ching-Ching.

"Where were you born?" asked Sergeant Slaughter.

"In de back room ob number sixteen," replied Ching-Ching rather indefinitely, and somebody laughed in the court.

"What do you mean by that?" said Sergeant Slaughter. "Where is number sixteen?"

"Not anywhar now, lubly sar. It was swept away by de earquack."

"Where was it then?"

"In de terrace, five doors from the remperor."

"You said two doors just now," said the judge, referring back to his notes.

"Dere was two doors in de front and five at de back," replied Ching-Ching, and the judge lifted up his head, quite overcome by this explanation.

"Will you swear that?" he said.

"No, lor judge," replied Ching-Ching. "I was bery young at de time, and I may hab made a lilly mistake."

"You will do well to avoid all mistakes now," said his lordship.

"You have given me the number and the



terrace," resumed Sergeant Slaughter; "now tell me the name of the town."

"Pekin, lubly sturgeon."

"Oh! at Pekin; so we have got at that at last. You say that you lived next door to the rempleror. What is a rempleror?"

"De man dat am at de head ob de Pekin nation, and get the largest inkem for doing the lease work."

"You mean that he is the king."

"I neber hear him call so," said Ching-Ching; "de larst time dat he come to see my farder de misses remperor was wif him, and in de course ob words which rose out ob de way he hand her a chair, so dat she miss de seat and shook herself to bits, she call him lots ob names which I not 'member, but king may be one ob dem."

"I really cannot understand him," said the judge, in despair. "What is he talking of? What is it all about?"

"I am endeavoring to extract out of him something about his antecedents, my lord," replied Sergeant Slaughter.

"I have got down that he was born at number sixteen, in the Terrace at Pekin," returned his lordship; "is that correct?"

"I believe so, my lord."

"Go on, my learned friend."

"What is your age?" asked the counsel.

"Two hundred and ninety, lubly sar."

"How old?" asked the bewildered judge.

"Two hundred and ninety, lubly judge."

"Two hundred and ninety years?"

"No, sar, we hab no years, only moons."

"Confound the moons," muttered the judge, "that makes you about twenty-four. You look much more."

"I hab been a great suffer, my lor judge," said Ching-Ching, assuming the air of an invalid, but he met with no response. It was plain that the judge did not care whether his health had been good or not.

"You have mentioned your father," continued Sergeant Slaughter; "what was he?"

"He did nuffin' in partikler," replied Ching-Ching, "'cept call upon de noble gentry and de mandarins."

"He was a man of private fortune?"

"Yes, dat so—but he lost him fortune."

"How?"

"In de Souf Sea Stubble."

"In what?" exclaimed the learned counsel.

"In de Souf Sea Stubble."

"There is something wrong with this witness," broke in the judge.

"It seems to me," said Sergeant Slaughter, "that there is something wrong with all the prisoner's witnesses."

This was a good hit, and it told—especially as he smiled at the jury, and made them partners of his little joke.

Refreshed and invigorated, he pursued the attack upon Ching-Ching.

"You have told us a very strange story," he said; "let us hear the finish of it. What became of your father?"

"De remperor gabe him notice to leab de country."

"That is, he banished him—and your mother?"

"She took in washing," replied Ching-Ching; "dat is—she was goin' to do dat when she died and left eleven lilly orphans in de world. I was de youngest, and de way dat my big broders use to drivide de wittels wasn't fair, but if I eber grumble I get none at all, and dat account for my bery genteel figure."

"Don't spin me any yarns. How long have you known the prisoner?"

"All my life," was on Ching-Ching's lips, but he stopped himself in time, and replied, "from de time dat we fust met."

"Don't equivocate with me, sir," said the sergeant, with a threatening movement of his hand; "how long have you known him?"

"'Bout two years."

"That is right—I am getting something out of you at last. Where did you meet?"

"He rescue me from the hands of some pirate-rascal dat hab me on board."

"Were you not one of the crew?"

"No—dey kep me in de larder."

"Kept you where?"

"In de larder, as de food was running short. De cap'en ob de pirates say dat I come in useful in case of mergency."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Dere am Sammy to probe it. You hab seen what sort of a witness he am—ax him."

"I have done with your friend, and I am not going to ask him any more questions. Now answer me. Do you know the British consul at Fortalega?"

"De British—what am it, lubly sar?"



The face of Ching-Ching was now a study. It was a total blank. Any man might have seen at a glance that he had never even heard of the British consul.

"Oh, you know what I mean. The British consul."

"Am dat a man or a woman?"

"This, my lord," said Sergeant Slaughter, turning to the judge, "is equivocation. He knows the consul."

"Witness," said the judge, sternly, "answer the question. A consul is a man, or, rather, a gentleman."

"Did dat genlyman wear a brown coat?" asked Ching-Ching, who was not quite put down yet.

"I know nothing about his coat," said Sergeant Slaughter, who began to give out signs of losing patience. "Were you not brought before the consul for riotous and disorderly conduct? Are you not a notorious character? Have you not raised many disturbances at Fortalega?"

"When, lubly sar?" asked Ching-Ching.

"This year, last year, at any time. Don't look at your negro friend for prompting. Answer me."

"I not look at Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "but at dat genlyman nex' him, who was a witness on your side, but who am a bery ole friend ob mine. He libed nex' door to my farder, and, in de days ob my childhood used to dance me on him knee. I neber forgot dem happy days."

And in proof of his keen remembrance of that joyful period he smiled upon the angry don, who, however, dared not open his lips.

Sergeant Slaughter knew not what to make of this. The don was a witness of his, and yet there he was, apparently on intimate terms with the prisoner's friends. What could it all mean? Had he been wrongly instructed? Ching-Ching, still smiling on the don, continued:

"De moment I set my foot down at Fortalega dat ole friend ob mine kindly hab me and Samson to cheer him up, and well we did it, too, for dat ole man, when we turn up, was a-pining away into grief; all de docker's gib him up, but de moment we set foot in him house he am a change man."

This was true enough, and the don knew

it. He sat like a man turned to stone, staring at Ching-Ching.

"Kine ole friend," murmured Ching-Ching, "we neber forget each oder."

"I can't understand it," muttered Sergeant Slaughter, turning over his brief. "I am instructed here that this Ching-Ching fellow ran riot over Salvo's house, and yet there the old rascal sits, on friendly terms. What do you think of it?"

A brother counsel, whom he addressed, smiled and shook his head as he replied:

"I think you have got upon the wrong track. Abandon that part of the case."

"But I have nothing else against the rascal."

"Then send him down."

"In a moment," returned Sergeant Slaughter. "Attend to me, sir."

"Yes, lubly sar."

"You have shown so much equivocation that I think it hardly worth my while to examine you further, but I will ask you one more question; where is Pekin?"

"Dat a bery nice question," said Ching-Ching. "You so bery learned and not know where Pekin am."

"Never mind my learning. Where is Pekin?"

"In China."

"I know that, but in what part of China?"

Ching-Ching coughed behind his hand, and softly replied:

"I know nuffin ob de compleesses."

"Come, here is a map," said the counsel; "now point out Pekin."

"Dat am English map."

"I know it is."

"I not read him. Gib me one in de language ob my natif climber, and I show you him."

"That is fair enough," said the judge. "Have you such a map?"

"No, my lord."

"Then I am afraid it would not be fair to press the question."

"I only wish to show, my lord," said the learned counsel, "that this fellow is an arrant rascal. He has never been in Pekin in all his life."

"How was I born dere den," demanded Ching-Ching, in a loud tone.

"Be more respectful, sir," bawled Ser-



geant Slaughter, now thoroughly out of temper. "Don't speak to me in that way."

"Be more speckful to me den," said Ching-Ching, loftily fanning himself; "it a bery nice thing to tell a man dat he hab neber been in him native parish. When I 'member de time when my fader's seven broders and two sisters were all in de house at once, and four uncles habing out-door relief. Do you tink dat I can't 'member de time when de 'leaving officer bring de moldy loaf, and de way dat my aunt serb him? I ought to 'member it, for we had all to go up before de board for putting de crumb down him back, and de way dat fellow swear dat somebody in de room pick him pocket ob one pound five was a disgrash to de country. Come, dat a good un to say affer dis dat I hab not been in Pekin."

"Sit down," said the sergeant. "I want to have nothing more to do with you."

"It all bery well to get a man up and tell him to sit down," replied Ching-Ching, "but dere am a witness in dis court who can prove dat I lib at number twenty-six——"

"You said sixteen," interposed the judge.

"I was born at sixteen, lubly lord judge," replied Ching-Ching, "but we move to twenty-six because my fader was false re-cused ob burning de water-butt and de floor ob de back attic, which one ob my lilly broders fell through de ceiling and nearly broke him neck, which my fader claim damages for, but not get. Twenty-six was de house dat we move to, and dere we was bery happy, for de remperor use to come in and hab a pipe in de back garden, and we lilly boys use to fetch de beer, and get on de wall when my fader and de remperor begin to fight. But sometimes dat ole man was peaceful and use to go to sleep, den in de playfulness ob youth we use to trow stones at him."

"All this is Greek to me," said the judge, "and I do not see what it has to do with the case."

"No more do I," replied the sergeant. "He may go down."

"I should like to ask him one question," said the foreman of the jury. "Mr. Ching-Ching, was your father on board the *Beldere*?"

"Not while I was dere," replied Ching-

Ching, with perfect gravity; and as no more questions were asked, he returned triumphantly to his seat and warmly thanked Samson for having so nobly supported him.

## CHAPTER XII. / 77

### THE VERDICT.

"That is my last witness, gentlemen," said Harry, addressing the jury, "and I now leave my fate in your hands. It would be useless and unwise of me to waste your time with a world of words, nor am I much of a hand at speech-making, and I will merely say that the story you have heard is a true one. If you declare me to me innocent, you will but do me justice, and if you pronounce me guilty, you will doom an innocent man to an awful end. I thank you for the courtesy and attention with which you have listened to myself and those who have supported me, and await your verdict with the hope that I may leave this dock a free and unstained man."

He sat down, and a murmur of approbation ran round the court.

Had he attempted a long and powerful speech, such as a paid and practical advocate would have been able to give, he would in all probability have failed, but the few simple words told, and even the judge looked at him earnestly, and seemed to be somewhat softened.

Ching-Ching had done him a good turn, although it would be difficult to say how he had managed it, but the jury seemed to think less of Sergeant Slaughter, and when he arose to reply on the whole case, they went on exchanging whispers, and looking in the direction of that amiable Chinnee for full two minutes.

The sergeant's reply was of the usual type. He magnified the importance of his own witnesses, vouched for their truth, and deprecated the evidence on the other side.

"Who are the men," he said, "whom the prisoner has called? An American adventurer, two ignorant seamen, a negro, and—and—a—a—well—I do not know what to call his friend with the pigtail."



"Mandarin Ching-Ching," suggested the object referred to.

"His evidence," pursued the learned counsel, ignoring the suggester, "was a tissue of falsehoods, mingled with balderdash, and spiced with references to his father, of whom we know nothing."

"It would have been more satisfactory to us," said the foreman of the jury, "if his father had been called."

"Of course it would," returned Sergeant Slaughter.

"But, nevertheless," said the foreman, "the witness was firm, and did not break down in his cross-examination."

"There were some matters which I did not press," said the learned counsel, lightly. "But to proceed."

And wisely abandoning Ching-Ching, he made a general attack upon the line of defence, and, as an advocate has every right to do, did his best to secure a verdict in favor of the prosecution.

He sat down at last, and cast a quick but keen look upon the jury. Most of them seemed to be particularly impressed, but all were hastily writing notes.

As the judge was about to begin his summing-up a slight commotion at the door of the court was heard. He called for silence, but as the disturbance was continued, he asked one of the officers of the court to tell him what it was.

"It is two ladies who wish to see your lordship," said the man.

"Two ladies! What is their business?"

"They are foreigners, my lord, and one of them declares that she can give important evidence."

"It is too late."

"My lord," cried a rich female voice, "I beg of you to hear me."

Harry started and turned his face toward the door. He knew that voice but too well. The judge, a keen lover of the fair sex, was touched by the tone, and bade the ladies come forward.

Two elegantly attired women, with veils over their faces, advanced to the body of the court. The foremost still went on, and throwing aside her veil, revealed the features of Juanita.

She turned one quick glance toward Har-

ry, and it told him all he wished to know. She was true to him, and would be true to the last.

The effect of her beautiful face upon the rest of the court was magical. The judge bowed to her graciously, and the jury, to a man, and married men every one of them, bent forward to look at her. Samson rolled his eyes and smacked his lips in approval, and Ching-Ching was heard to murmur:

"Woman—lubly woman—all honey, ebervy bit ob you."

On Don Salvo the effect was the reverse of pleasing. His weazen face puckered up, and he scowled upon her like some old demon. She just glanced at him and turned her attention to his lordship.

"My lord," she said, "I have come across the seas to give evidence."

"For or against the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"My lord, I am betrothed to him," replied Juanita.

"He is a fortunate man to have so fair a friend," said the judge, "but you are too late."

"He is innocent of the charge brought against him, my lord."

"Madam, I regret to say I cannot listen to you. You come too late."

"And so," said Juanita, bitterly, "because I have suffered shipwreck and delay, he is to innocently suffer."

"Do not listen to her, my lord," cried Don Salvo, rising.

"Father," cried Juanita, "hold your peace, or I shall forget that I am your daughter."

"Sit down, will you?" said Ching-Ching, jerking him again into his seat, "dere neber was such an ole man for getting up at de wrong time. You am de most perwerse ob your sect."

"I'll not stand much more of this," growled the don.

"Den sit quiet," said Ching-Ching.

"May I not say one word?" pleaded Juanita.

"I regret to inform you, madam," said the judge, "that I cannot hear you."

"Justice is indeed blind," murmured Juanita, "and deaf too. But my place is here. You will not send me away."

She drew up to the side of the dock as



she spokè, and his lōrdship bowed to intimate that she might remain there.

"This is a little irregular, my lord," said Sergeant Slaughter, who saw that the presence of Juanita was making a very undesirable impression upon the jury and the public.

"My learned friend," replied the judge, coldly, "I see no occasion for objecting to her presence. Silence in the court. I cannot have so much disturbance."

"The old fool," muttered the sergeant, as he sat down. "He is spooney on the woman. What a lovely creature!"

It is just possible that the worthy sergeant was a little spooney too.

The judge summed up with the acumen of a man well acquainted with the law. He was not hard upon Harry, as it was expected he would be, but stated plain facts, and softened down many things which would have told against him. When he did so he glanced at Juanita, who rewarded him with a thankful look from her fine dark eyes. The judge was an old man, but he was not proof against the looks of a beautiful woman, and as he went on he made things appear better and better for the prisoner.

"It is for you, gentlemen," he said, in conclusion, "to judge of the prisoner's guilt or innocence, and to give a verdict accordingly. I have simply laid the evidence before you, and pointed out the law to the best of my ability, and with full confidence that you will act in a way worthy of the post of honor which you fill, I leave the matter in your hands."

He ceased, and the jury held a short whispered consultation, and, without leaving the box, the foreman turned and rose to give the verdict.

"What is your finding, gentlemen? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of murder?"

"Not guilty."

"Is he guilty of piracy?"

"Not guilty."

"Chip, chip, hooray!" cried Ching-Ching, tossing his umbrella up to the ceiling. Down it came right on to the judge's desk, and upset his ink-stand.

"I will not endure this unseemly conduct," cried the judge. "Where is that man Ching-aring?"

But Ching-Ching had disappeared under the table, and drawn Don Salvo by the legs under him. He was now holding that long-suffering and much enduring Spaniard on the ground, and whispering all sorts of things into his ears, if he dared to budge a word, or speak a syllable.

"Where is that man?" cried the judge again.

Nobody had seen him disappear, and the ushers of the court, after a survey of the public, declared that he could not be found.

"It is a fortunate thing for him that he has succeeded in making his escape," said his lordship; "had he been brought before me I would certainly have committed him."

But the trial was over, the business of the day was done, and the judge, drawing his robes around him, bestowed one more admiring glance upon Juanita, and walked majestically from the court.

As soon as he was gone Ching-Ching came from his retirement, fished up the don, and with Samson as an assistant body-guard, followed Harry and his friends, who in high glee were leaving the dismal hall of justice behind them.

[THE END.]

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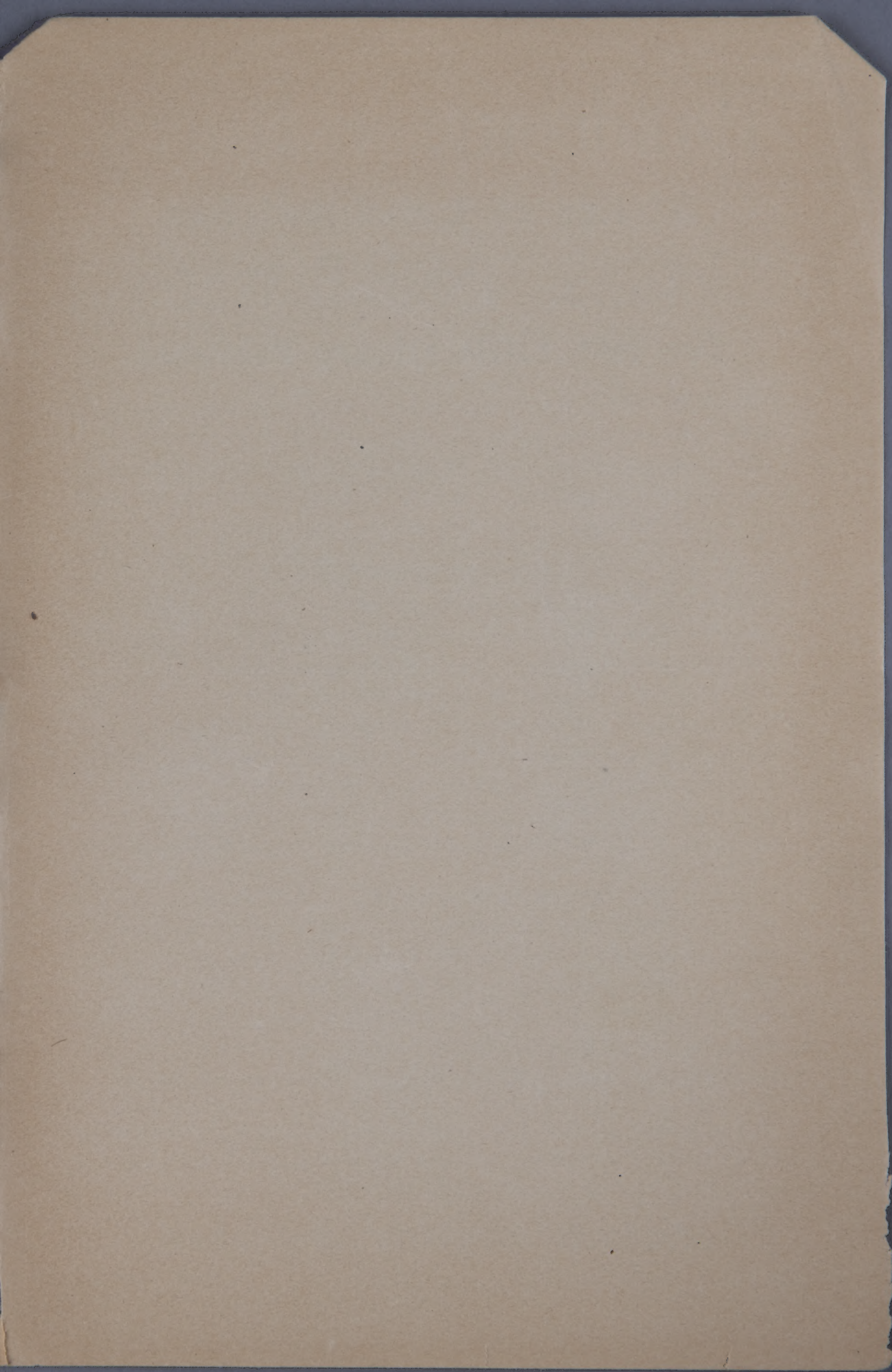
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